This Number Contains Twenty Drawings and a Double-Page by Charles Dana Gibson

# Collier's GIBSON NUMBER



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DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON





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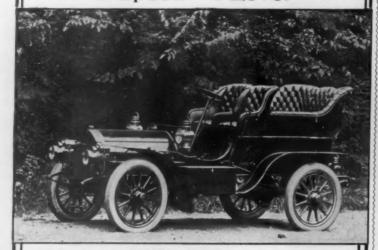
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York, 416-424 West 13th Street : London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C., and
The International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lanc. E. C. ght 1904 by P. F. Collier & Son. Ratered at the New York Post-Office as Second-Class M

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1904



"DANGEROUS!"

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON



HEN PILATE SAID "What is truth?" he may have jested, or he may have spoken with a serious and even sad philosophy. Truth has no one face, although the ordinary mind wishes her to have a fixed expression. The average intelligence craves clearcut decision. It wishes one thing to be all right and another all wrong. It wishes, for instance, that an organ of opinion should be sharply for ROOSEVELT and sharply against PARKER, with no nonsense. It does not understand that such an attitude is often inconsistent with genuine candor. As so many of our readers reflect this mood, we shall gratify them by announcing how we shall vote, although that announcement seems to us no important part of our duty as a journal. We intend to vote, without entire enthusiasm, for Theodore Roosevelt for President of the United States. We intend to vote, with no enthusiasm

whatever, for Judge D. CADY HERRICK for Governor of New York. HIGGINS, as ODELL's candidate, certainly represents the worst of politics. HERRICK, dense to the obligations of the judicial office, is an unfortunate alternative, but there is at least a chance of his being better than the ODELL régime. Mr. ROOSEVELT has done many fine things as President. Our vote will be an admission of those excellent deeds, and even a tribute to them, as the votes of other independent men will be. What makes us lukewarm is the President's gnawing and sometimes impertinent ambition. It In his high office he ought to be serene, is almost egomania. strengthened and guided by the size of the destinies committed to him. He ought not to be so convinced of infallibility and so impatient of principles which differ from his own. This country is supposed to be ruled by public opinion, and nothing could be more wholesome than the free expression of every ideal and the freest comment on every public measure. The President meddles too often with matters which are no concern of his. There is plenty of big work for him to do.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S ELECTION is generally conceded, which is one reason for the lack of excitement marking the campaign. We are more interested in what the President will do, therefore, than in the mere fight now progressing. Two possi-The President may remain restbilities confront the country. less, energetic in many directions, fond of excitement, more and more addicted to using his influence where it is not required. He may, on the other hand, become calmer, wiser, more freed from personal considerations, a larger man and a larger Presi-That his development may be toward restful principle and away from scattered commotion and obtruding personalities nobody hopes more sincerely than we. Our hopes on particular topics need not be fully specified at present, as the President is sure to do well on most subjects, if his aim is single. Let us take the trusts as an example. he remains entirely free of obligation, he is likely, buttressed by the high talent at his disposal, to proceed as well toward solutions as the present division of opinion permits. So with almost every other subject, from foreign complications to the postal and land office iniquities or the relation of free special trains to the railroad law and the suppression of discriminating The only danger is from the absence of that impersonal mental devotion for which Washington was a marvel, and which always increased in Lincoln with the greatness of emergency.

Leutenant-Governor Higgins of New York, according to President Roosevelt, is one of the rarest men alive. "I have never had the good fortune," says the President, "to be thrown with any public servant of higher integrity or of greater administrative ability." Mr. Root's feelings, as he remembers what was once said of his own administrative ability, are probably not perturbed by the Higgins eulogy, for Mr. Root knows the world. But this habitual, reckless disregard of proportion, or even truth, takes away all meaning from the comment which politicians make on one another.

Henry C. Payne undoubtedly had attractions of temperament, but the remarks made by various statesmen upon his death hardly proved the devotion of those leaders to the star-eyed goddess. Speaking only good of the dead is likely to go with speaking generally what is most convenient. When Mr. Hanna died, and again upon the death of Quay, we had this same phenomenon. Mr. Payne resembled many successful politicians in having shrewdness and charm without much principle. He was a good friend but not a good citizen. A favorable

sign on the horizon at present is the tendency of this familiar class of politicians to decrease in importance, giving way to men of larger mold and wider outlook. Principle increases as a power and the importance of shaking hands with conviction is on the wane. Not that the personal side can ever be eliminated. In England, where this aspect counts for less than with us, Mr. Balfour's position is due considerably to the popularity of his manner. An observant and experienced acquaintance of ours says that among the public men he has known Balfour is surpassed in elasticity and apparent sincerity as a hand-shaker only by McKinley.

DOTH PARTIES ARE ROTTEN ENOUGH in Delaware, no doubt, but it would be well if the Republicans could be defeated. Anything to be rid of ADDICKS and his example. Right or wrong, what the public believes about ADDICKS and the President is fairly represented by a statement now being used as a campaign document; that a few days after the November election of 1902, President ROOSEVELT sent for the chairman of the Republican State Committee, Henry B. Thompson, and said substantially: "I can no longer support you. Mr. ADDICKS has beaten you by a vote of twelve thousand to eight thousand. The regular Republican party was a party of negation and practically accomplished nothing, and the patronage will have to be bestowed on the ADDICKS faction." At the same time he signified his intention of appointing Mr. Byrne to his old position of United States District Attorney. This conversation was substantiated by the appointment of Mr. Byrne ADDIC

the following day, and the day after that Postmaster-General Payne gave out his celebrated interview, stating that the Federal patronage would be given to Mr. Addicks. The explanation that the appointment of Mr. Byrne was on personal grounds, independent of the Addicks question, has never entirely satisfied the people. Mr. Payne and certain Senators were certainly open enough in their support of the Addicks faction. Addicks is an example that ought to be removed. The man who makes an inventory of a Legislature, with details about each man's pecuniary needs, and proceeds methodically to buy it, is a man to destroy, whatever the effect on national politics. The man who has done most to make one State a place where votes are as much a part of commerce as potatoes are, is a man for whom the penitentiary would be a fitter residence than the Senate. The first duty of good citizens in Delaware is to make an end of Addicks.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, three centuries and a half ago, wrote thus about the Japanese: "The nation with which we have

to deal here surpasses in goodness any of the nations ever discovered. They are of a kindly disposition, wonderfully desirous of honor, which is placed above everything else. They listen with great avidity to discourses about GoD and divine things." Their spiritual interest is what the nations rely upon now counteract the military side of Japanese nature after the war is finished, and keep Japan from being an obstacle to the world's desire for tranquil life. Mr. HAY, in his address at Boston, before the Peace Conference, pledged the Administration to do what it could for peace, but pointed out the reasons for holding back certain steps in advance until the situation changes in the Orient. An increased desire for peace is unmistakable. In no country is the change shown with as much distinctness as in France, but it can be found, in varying degrees, all over the world. The changes, in the Orient, which will inevitably follow sometime if Japan is victorious, such as the greater equality of China in economic relations to other lands, are likely to be made without the necessity of another fight. present war looks like one of those decisive conflicts which, by settling far-reaching difficulties, increase the probabilities of peace.

IN A KANSAS PAPER, Socialist in philosophy, appear these words: "One free lodging house in New York City fed and housed forty-one thousand out of employment men since the first of the year. A majority of the inmates are men of middle age who are able to work—men who want work but can not get it. The average age of these men is forty-one years. This is the sort of prosperity which the great mass of mankind votes for—homeless men, men willing to work. Houseless in a great city teeming with millions of dollars of wealth. I wonder if men will always be so blind?" On reading these lines, a woman in Connecticut writes indignantly to a newspaper that in the country, where she lives—"back from the railroads, no saloons"—there is plenty of work, good beds,



good food, and good wages, with men in constantly greater demand than supply, winter as well as summer. Undoubtedly, it is in the cities that subversive tendencies have their strength, and it is in the farming districts, in every country, that the present order of things has its surest protection. The farmer and the farm hand work hard for what they get, but they live, and they have an independence and hard sense which remove them immeasurably from utopias. They would remedy discriminations and unfair privileges. They are the strongest supporters of moderate reformers like Folk and LA Follette. But very few of them share those crass notions of creating a\*new universe which usually have their breeding grounds in city slums.

OSCAR L. TRIGGS HAS WON a suit for libel against the New York "Sun," The New York Court of Appeals has overruled the Appellate Division, which decided that the newspaper's jesting with the distinguished Chicago educator was not a ground for damages. The upper Court's decision may tend to reduce the pleasures of American life. Englishmen and English courts have been stricter in regard to libel, as in regard to other matters, than we have, Americans preferring to take things less earnestly. The Court of Appeals limits the scope of its opinion. The case going up on demurrer, the decision only means that the newspaper can not be excused as a mere matter of law, although, had it chosen to go before a jury, it might have won on the question of whether the particular allegations were libelous in fact. The Court merely decides that they might be. Again, the Court lays stress on the fact that Triggs's private

the Court lays stress on the fact that Triggs's private life was involved, the "Sun" having charged him not only with absurd ideas on literature, but with such personal incompetence that his baby remained without a name for over a year. As that fate happened to the writer of these lines, we are not able to take the point so tragically as the eminent jurists took it. The newspaper's treatment of the plaintiff was undoubtedly severe. Wittiest among the great dailies, the "Sun" treated Professor Triggs to the worst it had. The Chicago Solon had spoken with enthusiasm in favor of modern colloquialism against the larger manner of an earlier time. The newspaper gives examples: "Who can read with patience these tinsel lines? 'Madam, an hour before the worshiped sun peered forth the golden window of the east, a troubled mind drave me to walk abroad." This must be translated into Triggsian somewhat like this: 'Say, lady, an hour before sunup I was feeling wormy, and took a walk around the block.' Here is more Shakespearian rubbish:

"'O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright! Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.'

How much more forcible in clear, concise Triggsian: 'Say, she's a peach! A bird!' Hear 'Pop' Capulet drivel: 'Go to, go to, You are a saucy boy!' In the OSCAR dialect, this is this: 'Come off, kid. You're too fresh.' Compare the dropsical hifalutin:

"'Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops,"

with the time-saving Triggsian version: 'I hear the milk-man.' 'I would be a pity to destroy the right of burlesque, and intelligent burlesque for purposes of argument is what these illustrations are. In our opinion, the Court's decision is one that might better have been made in a case where parody was less inevitable.

A NOTHER STRONG MAN has stepped off the stage of British public life. The career of Sir William Harcourt, however, was at an end some time ago. Although an exceptionally powerful speech was to be expected from him on occasion, his weight in English politics has of late been little felt. The reason is that he was a freebooter, an excessive individualist, a fighter who loved the combat more than any cause. People who play whist know

the irritation of having a partner who wishes to take every occasion, whether apt or far-fetched, to play "a lone hand." Much such a spirit was HARCOURT'S in affairs of state. Had he represented a large mass of Englishmen, instead of only himself, he might have left a larger splash, for a longer moment, when the waters of death closed over him. In the struggle for Liberal leadership, which followed GLADSTONE'S retirement, Sir WILLIAM should have come in first, had he possessed as much constructive principle as destructive ability and joy. He loved to knock down arguments, and he was the best debater whom GLADSTONE left behind

him. But debating is only one-half of English politics, and Harcourt lacked the other half, unlike Chamberlain, who has both, although in many respects the two men had much of similarity. We in America have also lost a notable legislator recently, and it may be said that if Sir William Harcourt had possessed the moral enthusiasm and constancy of Senator Hoar he would have towered, by the end of his life, above every other member of his party, and that party might not have become so demoralized as it now is for lack of leadership.

WHEN MR. BALFOUR SPOKE, a few weeks ago, on the scientific view of the world, his address was much noticed; mainly, however, because he is Prime Minister of Great Britain. To us in America, especially, it would be a surprising sight to find the highest political official identical with the president of an association for the advancement of science and capable of filling both positions respectably. Our newspapers were in error, however, when they treated Mr. BALFOUR's address as an indication that he was intimately acquainted with science. What it proved was his familiarity with philosophy, which is very different. He merely stated, in substance, a problem which lies at the very threshold of philosophy's criticism of science: "If your mind is merely the result of mechanical laws, why trust its conclusions?" This scepticism, which is ir-This scepticism, which is irremovable, has occupied the Prime Minister's intelligence from the time he was a youth. It is the gist of his first volume, "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt," and it underlies the defence of religion with which he has filled another volume. Most men who are addicted to metaphysics in their college days,

volume, "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt," and it underlies the defence of religion with which he has filled another volume. Most men who are addicted to metaphysics in their college days, and later become occupied with active life, lose their interest in these final contradictions of the human intellect. They take them for granted and let them alone. They cease to frequent Doctor and Sage, and hear great Argument about it and about. Not so Mr. Balfour. Speculation on the Be-ness of the 1s, which was his first passion, bids fair to be his last. With the Irish-American poet (whom we quote from memory and probably without exactness), Mr. Balfour ponders on the

"Ifness saddening And the whichness maddening, And the But ungladdening, That lie behind."

Sceptical philosophy, supporting dogmatically a traditional faith, remains Mr. Balfour's most intimate pleasure. Loosely married to statecraft, he is at heart true to his earliest love.

A MERICAN LITERATURE REFLECTS ENGLISH literature in various ways, among them in its treatment of the seasons. Reading has interfered with the truth of observation. April, for instance, is in England a month in which showers and sunshine succeed each other with such rapidity that Londoners carry umbrellas in the brightest sun. We, therefore, speak of April showers and April weather, although the nearest we have to this climatic fickleness comes in May, just as "May flowers" come in June. "Now welcome summer with thy sunne softe," sings Chaucer, in the season of Saint Valentine, because he felt the cold weather's approaching end and the Weather beginning of the warm. Much, also, that has been written of the summer by the English poets would never have been written in our much hotter climate. Autumn has suffered more than any other season from this reflected poetry. It is with us less grim, less wintry, less melancholy than in our ancestral isle. The raw weather which in England marks the early fall, in most parts of America is unknown until November, and most of the autumn would naturally seem as calm and beautiful a season as exists. Emerson looks at nature truly, and

sometimes our other poets do also. Thus Bryant in November:

"Glorious are the woods in their latest gold and crimson,
Yet our full-leaved willows are in their freshest green."

And thus Longfellow:

"It was Autumn, and incessant Piped the quail from shock and sheaves, And, like living coals, the apples Burned among the withering leaves."

Were they not trained by English poetic genius to see melancholy in the fall, our poets would never have made gloom the autumn mood. It is like the impressionist training which our painters receive under the very different skies of France. They come back here and paint lights which no unwarped eye can see.

9



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CHARLES DANA GIBSON AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO

### Letter from Mr. Gibson

When this number was first planned Mr. Gibson was asked for a brief article explaining his reasons for preferring pen and ink to all other mediums and answering some of the many questions frequently asked by young artists. This request at first met with a refusal; but, finding we were not to be denied, he contributed the following letter:

September 18, 1904

My dear Collier:

Your request that I should say something on behalf of line drawing and the many ways you suggest for me to say it sounds so easy that I find myself "almost per-suaded." I don't like your suggestion of a "dictated suaded." I don't like your suggestion of a "dictated paragraph," and your threat to "send some one up here to interview me" is dreadful.

Your "letter to a young artist" sounds fatherly, but it is the least painful way out of it, and, as beginners do write asking questions, a longer letter printed in this way might after all be better than the short notes I have been sending them.

So this is my excuse. And let it be distinctly understood that this advice is only intended for those young people who have asked for it.

To begin with, I recommend pen and ink for beginners, for by using line their shortcomings are easily seen and located. In other mediums a beginner is apt to be noncommittal and deal in broad pale smudges somewhere inside of which he hopes the right drawing may be. It is far better for him to do his drawing in a definite way, for the louder it calls out for correction the better off he is.

Of all modes of pictorial expression the line drawing is the most direct. And with pen and ink there is less fear of the beginner wasting valuable time fumbling over a hopeless drawing in search of some accidental effect, for

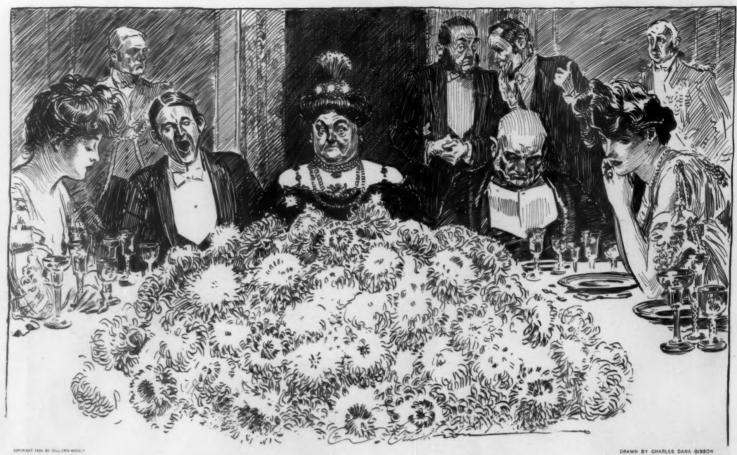
paper will only stand a moderate amount of scratching before it turns back into pulp. All beginners should make a great number of drawings. This teaches economy of line, which makes the detection of errors a very easy matter.

The beginner's future depends entirely upon his ability and willingness to see his own faults. If he is successful in this it is a pretty sure sign that with patience he will have the power to correct them. To draw correctly should be a beginner's first concern. Time is needed, and if none of it is wasted style will be acquired quite unconsciously.

Beginners are worried needlessly over the quality of paper and ink to be used. It is only necessary that one should be white and the other black.

For some reason all beginners draw very much alike. Those who work the hardest are the first to get away from this sameness. First of all a start must be made before any guiding is possible. Nearly all children draw more or less; consequently there are a great number of parents fearing that if they withhold their encouragement a career may be destroyed. It is more likely to be the other way about, for it is entirely a matter to be worked out by the beginner himself. And too much help is bad for the self-reliance without which there is no chance. And now I believe I have answered most of the questions that I have been asked. What I prescribe I take myself in the hope that it is right.

Sincerely yours,



THE ANXIOUS HOSTESS - HER HEART IS IN THE KITCHEN

#### CHARLES DANA GIBSON

AN APPRECIATION : By ROBERT BRIDGES



THE MINUET

THE IDEA which the public itself creates of the personal-ity of an artist or writer is a curious composite. The pic-tures he draws or the books he writes evolve a certain hazy conception of their maker; then the ever-present maker; then the ever-present newspaper portrait gives a black-and white outline to this vague idea of a man; and finally the stray items about him which run around the press, often at the ingenious publisher's instigation, give him a sort of literary personality. The way in which these burrs stick to the mental image of the man is surprising. Dickens and his splendid waistcoats, Lamb and his stutter, Dr. Johnson

his splendid waistcoats, Lamb and his stutter, Dr. Johnson and his tachet, Byron and his club-foot—these are inseparable in our pictures of the men. Something accidental which has been well told becomes an essential part of the author or artist. As time intervenes two or three of these stock anecdotes survive—and there is the image of the man, ticketed for all time. When the man is a contemporary and a nopular one at that the image of the man, ticketed for all time. When the man is a contemporary, and a popular one at that, this pervasive mental portrait that everybody seems to agree upon is most curiously elusive. The personal prejudices of the age play an important part in it, and these are partly formed by stray gossip and paragraphs. Things are in the air, and people seem to like or dislike a certain thing in waves.

MR. GIBSON has lived a long time in the heart of New York, where he has been easy to photograph and write about, and for many years his drawings and books have been seen of all men. If the mental image which the great public has of him could be projected on a screen it would no doubt fill the souls of his friends with laughter. It would be something like this: A man of extreme height and slenderness, clad as the lilies of the field, in the latest London clothes, devoting his mornings to outdoor recreation in immaculate flannels, his afternoons to receptions where he is adored of many

admirers in beautiful gowns, which he studies carefully for effects in his next drawings, and his evenings to dinners and dances, with late suppers to end the arduous day. This is probably pretty nearly the Gibson of the matinee girl, and the college undergraduate who plasters his rooms with Gibson pictures. They would not recognize the broad-shouldered, loose-jointed, husky-looking man in a blue serge suit who swings into Thirty-first Street every morning at 9:30, with the look of energy and determination which betokens a hard day's work.

A ND Mr. Gibson does it; day after day, as regular as clock-work, he is in his studio and works with pertinacity and skill. A Gibson drawing does not grow of itself. It is hammered out till the artist himself realizes something of his conception. He draws from real people, and his choice of a model for a given character is made with great care and discernment. A street Arab may bring a dozen of his friends from whom the artist may choose one minor figure in a group. A good many ball matches are attended to get the faces which express "Two Strikes and the Bases Full."

Natural talent, keen observation, and the capacity and inclination for combined work are the only things needed to explain Gibson. Instead of having his head turned by early success, he was made simply more industrious and more determined to do better work than ever. He has a very clear idea of what he wants to do, and of just how far his medium can be used. He likes his work, and he is a thorough artist in spirit, but never an artist in pose. There is nothing artificial about him. His abounding humor would drive him to derisive laughter at himself if he attempted a pose of any kind. With every temptation to act the successful artist, he remains just a good fellow. Manly, straightforward men of talent in all professions are his friends because he is that kind of a man himself. There never was an artist with a healthier mind—clean, honest, appreciative. With that permanent equipment it is no wonder that he has gone ahead in his art, and is bound to continue to grow. Life with its amusing contrasts and vicissitudes never grows stale to a nature like his. But a man's fame frequently stands in the way of his widest recognition. This has been often said about humorists. The fact that

Mark Twain is a great humorist has prevented the full recognition of his wonderful skill as a serious literary artist. There are chapters in his books which have not a gleam of humor in them, but which as serious descriptive writing are almost unequaled in American prose. It has been often noted that a speaker in Congress who gets a reputation as a wit will seldom be listened to in elaborate, statesmanlike efforts.

I'T was Mr. Gibson's undoubted good fortune to win fame almost fifteen years ago as a portrayer of beautiful women and clean-cut young men, all of them gifted with social graces and beautiful clothes. The "Gibson Girl" has passed into the language, and is embodied in allusions in many books as the expression of a well-defined type of American woand is embodied in allusions in many books as the expression of a well-defined type of American womanhood. We have become so accustomed to her that it is difficult to realize what a tremendous impression has been made by a series of black-and-white drawings. We find the Girl burnt on leather, printed on plates, stenciled on hardwood easels, woven in silk handkerchiefs, exploited in the cast of vaudeville shows, and giving her name to a variety of shirtwaist, a pompadour, and a riding stock.

THE result of all this has been that the men and women he depicts, who are for the most part young, impressionable, and more or less thoughtless, are accustomed to say in the frivolity of their conversation—if they ever do converse—that Mr. Gibson draws one girl and one man, and shuffles them around in divers positions. This is mere talk, but it is another indication of the way in which a very big fame sometimes dwarfs the finest achievement. Now, as a matter of fact, the people who follow art, and whose opinions are worth something, know that Mr. Gibson's achievement has far outrun his early fame. The nine volumes in which he has collected his drawings show a wonderful progress, not only in his craftsmanship as an artist, but in his grasp of the important things in the life of this country.

MR. GIBSON has drawn not a few types, but a great many individuals; not the social butter-flies alone, but the significant people in all grades of life; not only beautiful women in gorgeous raiment, but all types of women in all classes. As the readers of Collier's know, this has been increas-

ingly true in the past two years. They will recall that marvelous study of commercial New York entitled "Some Ticker Faces," in which the speculative craze is wonderfully depicted in the half-dozen faces, ranging from extreme youth to avaricious old age. They also have in mind that recent cartoon "Going To Work," where a score or more of typical working men and women are pictured most vividly, and individualized to a remarkable degree. Then there is "The Villain Dies" (to be published this autumn), a view of the gallery in the last act of a melodrama, where every face is not only technically a clever study, but humanly is expressive and self-revealing.

A LOOK through Mr. Gibson's latest volume, appropriately called "Everyday People," in which the best of his Collier's and "Life" work for the past year is preserved, will, in short, show that, instead of repeating himself, Mr. Gibson has grown in his appreciation of the ironies of life in all classes. He does not produce types so much as individuals. The student of types is apt to gather into one portrait the eccentricities of a dozen faces belonging to the species. The result is an unmistakable type, but it is not always a possible individual, and right here is the border line between caricature and portraiture. The careful observer of Mr. Gibson's work will easily be convinced that his men and women are real portraits, and one hundred years from now the industrious student of antiquities will be able to say, "Here, at least, are men and women of every class as they actually lived in America at the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth century."

If one may venture on that dangerous thing, a literary analogy, it would be that Gibson is the Thackeray of black-and-white drawing and Phil May is the Dickens. This means, of course, that Mr. Gibson is more of a satirist than a humorist. While he draws real faces of real people, he puts them in positions which suggest the contrasts and ironies of life. This removes him from the category of merely clever draughtsmen into that field of social satire and philosophical observation where the great artists in black and white from Hogarth to the present have always exhibited their genius; and it should be said emphatically that Mr. Gibson has never used his satire to make fun of what is worthy and ideal, but that it has been directed against sham, hypocrisy, and self-deceit. If he has, to an appreciable extent,

formed the taste of young men and young women in dress, he has also cast his weight in favor of what is straight, honorable, genuine, and gentle in conduct.

O F his technical side the present writer can not speak with the authority of an artist, but he knows that men of artistic accomplishment, who judge a drawing with full knowledge of how it is done, have increasing admiration for Mr. Gib-



THE FLIRT

son's skill in the manipulation of pure line. They know that there is no more exacting medium of expression than pure line. As it is drawn it stands, and there are none of the accidental effects of colors blending into each other which sometimes surprise the painter himself and are beyond his best ability. When the line which you draw is to be reproduced autographically on a plate, you can not "fake" it, to use the slang of the studio. It is hard-and-fast and

irrevocable. Whatever else may be said of Gibson's drawings, they are at any rate honest, not softened by half-tone plates, or given the glamcur of color reproduction—although he has recently shown that he can draw most effectively in pastel. He draws from life as best he knows how, and the line which depicts life as he sees it is reproduced exactly as he drew it, so that the art critic, if he disapproves of Gibson, has the exact document from which to judge him. You can not read any ulterior purpose into these veracious drawings. There is no smudge of color or breadth of crayon line into which you can put your own idea of the drawing. There is no room whatever to doubt exactly what he meant to express; whether he always accomplishes it technically, the practical artist can best judge.

THIS marvelous skill and simplicity in the use of line is shown to its best advantage in the faces which Gibson draws. The way in which he expresses emotion and varied feelings, some of them the most fleeting, by a few simple strokes of the pen, is the admiration of all good craftsmen. Whether it is a gleam of humor, a touch of despair, a bit of coquetry, or the direst tragedy—a few firm lines tell the whole story, and tell it subtly, but unmistakably. No artist can express the varied emotions and the depth of emotion which Gibson depicts without himself being a man with a grasp of human nature. It is therefore entirely natural and logical that another side of Mr. Gibson is distinctly literary. He has given literary reality to "Mr. Pipp," "The Widow and Her Friends," and "Mr. Tagg." These characters, with their circles of friends, have reached the same sort of currency in the imagination as the characters created by a novelist; in fact, it has been seriously proposed to dramatize Mr. Pipp, as though he were the latest creation of a popular romancer. That is the kind of thing that very few artists have accomplished. Hogarth did it, and so did Du Maurier and Charles Keene. He is in these things, as has been said, the same sort of a satirist as Thackeray; and while satire is his prevailing weapon in a literary way, there are frequent touches of the best kind of sentiment, which never degenerates into sentimentality. The drawing which is reproduced in this number of a very old man whose grandson is telling his fortune, and announces, "You are going on a long journey," is a bit of the inevitable pathos of youth and old age. These are the qualities that give Mr. Gibson the widest appreciation among those who understand what is best in literature and art.



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSO



#### DOUBTFUL STATES SILENT VOTE AND THE

This is one of a series of articles to appear each week prior to the National election. The purpose of the writer is to forecast the direction of the silent wate and to present the local phases likely to influence the doubtful States. The estimate on Indiana appeared in the issue of September 24; Illinois, October 1; Wisconsin, October 8

#### IV.—MISSOURI: THE WAR AGAINST BOODLE

St. Louis, October 3

IKE Wisconsin, Missouri is debating the question of its political future in serene disregard of the fact that this is a Presidential year. So much more vital, in the mind of the average Missourian, are the issues at stake within his own borders, that Roosevelt and Parker are, to a great extent, distant abstractions with which he has little immediate concern. Therefore, one sees no Presidential banners flaunting in the air, nor Presidential buttons distending the buttonholes of enthusiasts. Here it is all Folk or anti-Folk.

tonholes of enthusiasts. Here it is all Folk or antiFolk.

Normally this State is close to the head of the Democratic column, but in this year of national apathy there
is just a chance that Roosevelt may get its eighteen
electoral votes. For apathy is usually a bad sign for
the Democrats in Missouri. Then, many elements are
opposing Joseph W. Folk, the Democratic candidate
who beat his field for the nomination on an anti-boodle
platform; some from honest partisanship, some from
distrust of his associates on the ticket, and others from
a lively sense of future painful proceedings should the
vigorous young public prosecutor continue his pernicious activity against boodling, using to that end the
great powers which this State delegates to its chief executive. Should they succeed in defeating Folk, which,
at the present writing seems highly improbable, or
should they be able to give him a close race, which is
by no means so unlikely, Parker may lose the State, for
the Democratic National ticket bids fair to run considerably behind the State ticket. Certainly the Republicans are working with a vigor which evinces anything
but hopelessness, and which has stirred their opponents
out of the perilous lethargy bred of an anticipated
walkover.

#### Butler, the Blacksmith Boodler

The history of the anti-boodle movement, upon which the issue of the battle depends, is the record of three men. It begins with Ed Butler. Butler is the Democratic boss of St. Louis. He is to some extent also the Republican boss. That is, he doesn't much care what party name is stamped upon the handle of his tools. He used to be a blacksmith and he went into politics in order to get the contract for shoeing the street-car lines' mules. He got it, and he has been getting something out of politica ever since. He is

now nearly seventy years old; rich, shrewd, far-sighted, bold, and without principles.

It was on the old Tammany principle, "Take care of the boys and the boys will take care of you," that Butler built up his organization, an organization which is probably more powerful ia proportion to its numerical strength than any political body in this country. In his forty-odd years of political activity he has never had at his personal command fifteen thousand votes. Yet, small as is this Free Company of civic marauders, its leader, by his cunning and vigorous methods, has been able absolutely to control the most important branches of the city government, keeping himself in fat contracts and his followers in fat jobs. This he achieved through bossing his own party and making

IOSEPH W. POLK ic nominee for Governor, who as Circult Attorney, single-handed, brought to court and convicted the boodle bankers, corporation officers, and politi-cians. His election is being bitterly fought by Butler

deals with the enemy, and through intimidation at the primaries and at the polls. Even now the mere suggestion of Ed Butler's "Indians" (thugs who made a practice of assaulting voters) will send many a timorous respectability of St. Louis scurrying to the country over election day. From city control, Butler was floated on the tide of corruption which ebbs and flows between the city and State rings, into State politics. He became a professional briber on a commission basis. "When I undertake a job," he once said, "I deliver the legislation called for within sixty days."

Butler's organization began to spread. His legislative wires gave him connections in all parts of Missouri, and he was in a fair way to develop his peculiar and profitable plan of government into a State machine, when, in an evil day, he permitted the nomination of Joseph W. Folk. Folk was a young Democrat of the stalwart Tennessee brand. Before he was thirty years old he was chosen president of the Jefferson Club, St. Louis's Democratic machine organization. While not otherwise active politically, he had always voted for the party and had made no fuss about it. Harry Hawes, Butler's right-hand man, and a personal friend of Folk's (afterward a personal enemy and now an impersonal political friend), had recommended the young man. Butler took Folk for granted.

#### The Beginning of Folk's Career

"How was I to know that Folk wasn't all right?" he afterward demanded plaintively. "He'd always been with us. I thought, of course, he was straight."

Not even Folk's own statement of principles, made when the nomination was offered him, undeceived Butler and Hawes in this respect. They regarded it as ornamental rhetoric—like a party platform. So, when Folk said, "If I take this office I'm going to do my duty and live up to my oath to the best of my ability," they replied:

duty and live up to my oath to the best of my they replied:
"Sure thing!" And they patted him on the back approvingly.

Folk was triumphantly elected, and in the following fall (1901) had some of Butler's friends up for election frauds. One day Butler dropped in to see him.
"About that So-and-So case to-morrow," he remarked casually. "We don't want anything done with that."
"Why not?" said Folk.
"Why, the man voted for you," said Butler.



"That makes no difference. I wish he hadn't."
"Why, you don't mean to say you'd send a man to the pen that put you in office!" cried the amazed boss. "I certainly do," was the reply.

That was the last conversation Ed Butler had with Folk. The man went to the penitentiary. So did others. Threats of political destruction were made against Folk. He laughed. Threats of assassination followed. Folk said he reckoned that was all a bluff, and continued. In 1902 he struck the trail of boodle and convicted a member of the City Council of bribery. Up to this time no bribe-taker or briber had ever been prosecuted in the State of Missouri. When the Circuit-Attorney announced that he was going to devote his time to bribery cases, he became the object of sneering resentment. Why should this boy-lawyer rake up a law that was comfortably dead and stir up a mess of trouble for a lot of good fellows, over a recognized and established system? people demanded. Citizens actually wrote to the papers, denouncing Folk as a pestilent demagogue who, to advertise himself, had exhumed a law as defunct as the New England blue laws. Public opinion had not been educated in respect to political corruption. Folk set out on a regular campaign of speech-making to show why bribery was wrong and harmful.

"If I can get public opinion turned against bribery," he told his hearers, "we won't have to invoke the law. If you people will show the politicians that it's bad politics to boodle, boodling will be stopped."

Having patiently taught the people this point of ethics, he went after the House of Delegates, Butler's stronghold. There he found many lines of corruption, converging upon Butler. In the fall of 1902 Butler was indicted for bribery in connection with his city garbage contract. Folk began to be referred to as "Butler's Folly." The boss was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary, but the Supreme Court got him off on a technicality. He is now under another indictment for bribery. Some of his friends went to Canada, some went to Mexico

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#### Folk a "Dangerous Man"

In these investigations Folk had occasion to meet many prominent business men of St. Louis, and to get from them certain facts connecting the conduct of business with boodling. Protests and pulls of all sorts were tried without avail. The business men had to tell what they knew. Most of these now regard Folk as a "dangerous man" and an "enemy to the business interests." When the baking powder scandal was traced through the Legislature and Lieutenant-Governor Lee was forced to a shameful confession, United States Senator, Stone, popularly known as "Gumshoe Bill" Stone, was summoned before the Grand Jury and questioned by Folk. Nothing criminal was adduced against him, but he has since then been a bitter enemy to his inquisitor. Besides, Stone's term as Senator ends at the same time with the termination of the next Governor-

ship, and "Gumshoe Bill" is suspicious of all possible

ship, and "Gumshoe Bill" is suspicious of all possible rivals.

On his record as a boodle-fighter Folk went before the convention last spring and was nominated for Governor. He could not, however, prevent the nomination of two of the old ring, Samuel B. Cook for Secretary of State and Albert O. Allen for State Auditor.

Cook was saved from indictment as accessory to bribery in a certain case only by the statute of limitations. Allen has no personal record of boodling, but on the State Board of Estimate he voted with Cook, consistently on the side of the public service corporations against equitable taxation. If the Folk ticket wins, both of these men will be members of the new Board of Estimate. Folk's friends declare that they had promised to "be good," but this does not satisfy certain Republicans who would probably have deserted their own party had the Democratic ticket been antiboodle throughout.

Against Folk the Republicans nominated Cyrus P. Walbridge, formerly Mayor of St. Louis, and before that President of the Municipal Council. Ask any city man about Walbridge, and you will be told enthusiastically that he is "a representative business man." To an inhabitant of the outer world it is difficult to make clear the prestige implied locally in this characterization. The successful business man here enjoys much the same authority and reverence which, in Colonial days, was the perquisite of the town minister. To speak disparagingly of him is a sort of lesemajesté. Even the disclosures of the connection be-

tween "big business" and political rottenness failed to vacate the pedestal. The business man is still the ideal citizen, and Mr. Walbridge is president of the Business Man's League of St. Louis.

But as a candidate in a campaign in which boodle is the chief issue, his position is by no means so clear. Mr. Walbridge may be defined, on his known record, as a non-boodler, but he certainly can not be characterized as an anti-boodler. Under his administration boodling in St. Louis attained its golden age. Some of his appointees were men of such evil character and vile occupations that they had to be withdrawn from public life. As President of the Municipal Council Mr. Walbridge voted for many of the notorious graft measures, and was the most active supporter of Ed Butler's garbage contract which afterward brought the boss within the clutches of the law. So obviously corrupt was this measure that the chief newspaper support of Mr. Walbridge said of it editorially: "Its passage will emphasize the necessity for an independent ticket in the spring."

The only misdeed that has been brought home to

will emphasize the necessity for an independent ticket in the spring."

The only misdeed that has been brought home to Mr. Walbridge was a violation of the charter in permitting the Merrell Drug Company, of which he was president, to sell goods to the city institutions while he was President of the Council. A charitable view of this would be that, as the amount was only \$1,500 a year, in a very large business done by the firm, it may well have escaped Mr. Walbridge's attention. For the rest, he a a man of wealth, popularity, ability, and personal integrity. But it is fair to regard the Republican candidate on his record as a machine man and no active enemy, at least, to boodling. Thus, though both tickets boast anti-boodle platforms, neither can claim to be anti-boodle throughout.

#### Two Anti-Boodle Platforms

To the observer it is rather amusing to see how each side claims anti-boodle as its private and particular issue. One can see them as two small boys, disputing for the snow-white Purity banner.

"Leggo!" shouts the Republican urchin, "that's my flag."

flag."
"No, 'tain't. I saw it first," retorts the Democratic

"No, 'tain't. I saw it first," retorts the Democratic claimant.

"You might have had it any time before, but you didn't want it," snarls the Republican.

"Neither did you," the other returns.

So they wrestle for it with the desirable result that the snow-white Purity banner waves frantically aloft.

"We declare ourselves against bribe-givers and bribe-takers alike," says the Republican platform. "We neither solicit nor desire their support."

"There is no room in the Democratic party for boodlers," declares the Democratic platform in a style that suggests Mr. Folk in a vigorous mood. "We repudiate their support and do not want their votes. We invite such as are masquerading under the cloak of the Democratic party to bolt, and propose to make them bolt, not only the party, but the State."

Not less interesting is the haughty and virtuous em-



EDWARD R. BUTLER

Notorious boodier, millionaire, "Democrat," bi-par-tisan boas of St. Louis. A convicted bribe-giver and champion corruptionist who doesn't care who is Gover-nor so long as he controls the Circuit-Attorney's Office

Collier's for October 1



HIS FORTUNE: "You are g

DRAWN BY CHARLES DA



ou are going on a long journey!"

#### DIALOGUE OF DISDAIN

BY WALLACE IRWIN: : Illustrated by CHARLES DANA GIBSON



THE FACTORY GIRL

YOU WOIK? Don't make me laff, me face is weary! So "you're" de mutt dey've hired to bust de strike— Say, if de State militia wasn't leary Say, if de State mititia wasn't leary
Dere'd be a passin'-out fer yours, sure Mike.
You woikin' w'en dere's notin' fer de Union
But nestin' on de beer kegs down de line?
Fer nerve-tablets strong and able ye're de goods wit'out de label,
So excuse "me" if I says, "Pooh-pooh-fer mine!"

Say, draw yer pay! it's time fer yer vacation.

Back to yer tank and pull de lid down, too,

Before ye meet de Brickbat Delegation—

It'ink I hear yer mudder callin' you.

Perhaps y' own de subway, wit' a contract To dynamite de boycotts down de line—
Den perhaps ye're jest a slob holdin' down a union job
And deservin' dese kind woids, "Pooh-pooh fer mine!"

SAY, Lady, ye're de Boat to Dreamland, ain't ye? Wit' me chust General Bumps along wit' you! I wisht I was a artist chust to paint ye A-swingin' yer harpoon to chab me t'rough. Becuz I am a mutt outside de Union Dey pets me wit' a gas pipe down de line And de Lizzies passin' by gits de statuary eye And hands me out de wheeze, "Pooh-pooh fer mine!"

I ain't a James K. Hackett fer me beauty, I ain't a Chauncey Olcott fer me con; But I'm de hook-and-ladders w'en me dooty Is dignifyin' Labor—are y' on?
O' course it ain't becuz I need de money Dat Im a-bustin' strikes along de line, But I'm stuck on stoppin' bricks wit' me head and dodgin' kicks, And I love yer serenade, "Pooh-pooh fer mine!"



THE STRIKE-BREAKER

phasis with which both parties wave away the Butler votes and the Butler cash. Strange, indeed, it is, and not without its mock pathos, this matter of some thousands of waif ballots with no welcome awaiting them anywhere. Every few days the Republican papers announce a contribution by Butler to the Democratic fund. This calls forth a prompt denial from Folk, and the announcement that he hasn't had any contribution from the boss, doesn't want any, and would return it if it came. Then the Democratic organs declare "on the best authority" that Butler and his "Indians" will support the Republican ticket in order to beat Folk, whereupon the Republicans, with loud outcry of repudiation, protest that the head-boodler has always been a Democrat and must therefore now stay with his party.

party.

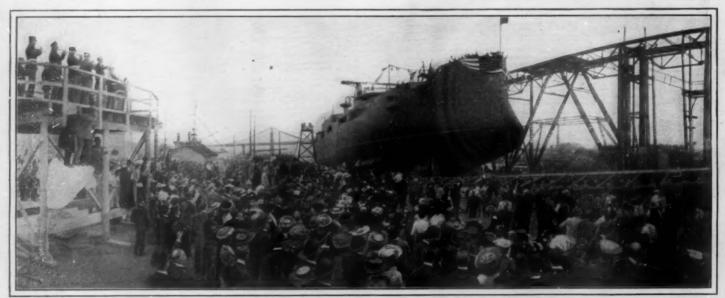
As for Butler himself, he says: "I've always been a Democrat. I'm a Democrat now. A yaller dog on the

- ticket (meaning Mr. Folk, one may reluctantly surmise) is good enough to get my vote."

This for publication; but shrewd men on both tickets figure out the Butler position somewhat differently. Butler wants to beat Folk, they say. But, above all else, he must control the next Circuit-Attorney in order to keep himself out of jail. As matters now look he will be able to dictate the coming nominations of both parties for this office. Probably he will choose the Republican candidate, as he can then have his followers vote against Folk and for his chosen Circuit-Attorney without splitting tickets. This will mean straight Republican tickets from a large number of Democrats, and will count against the Democratic national ticket.

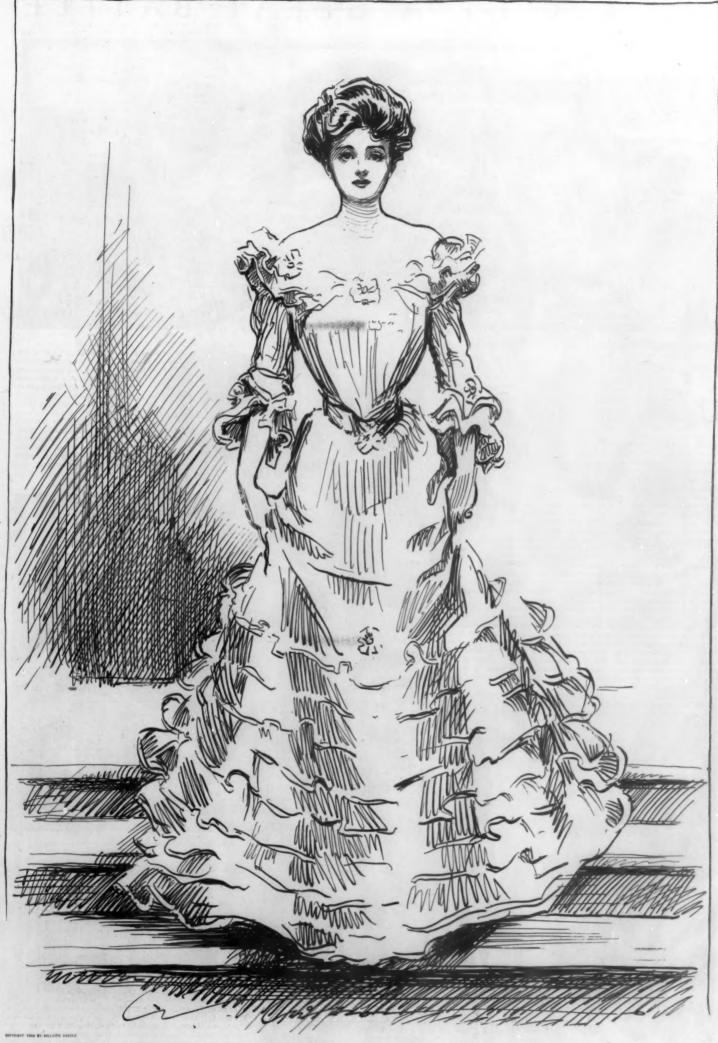
Among the Bryan wing of the Democratic party there is much disaffection toward Parker. Missouri Democrats were the first to adopt a 16 to 1 plank in

their platform. Although the Democracy is of the old, rock-ribbed sort in the country districts, many of the Bryan followers will stay at home unless Folk can get them out to vote for him. In that case some of them will vote for Watson or Debs. The Republicans are working hard upon this class of Democrats, circulating Bryan's famous anti-Parker speech, made last April. Giving this possible defection its full weight, taking into account the powerful enemies Folk has made, considering the hostility of Butler, the debilitating apathy of Senator Stone, the revolt of many semi-independent Republicans from Folk's associates on the ticket, Cook and Allen, and Roosevelt's genuine popularity through the State, the cautious man will hesitate before tallying Missouri's eighteen electoral votes in the safely Democratic column. Folk's enemies can hardly beat Folk, but in the attempt they may do that which they have no object in doing—turn the State over to Roosevelt.



THE LAUNCHING OF THE BATTLESHIP "CONNECTICUT" AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, SEPTEMBER 29

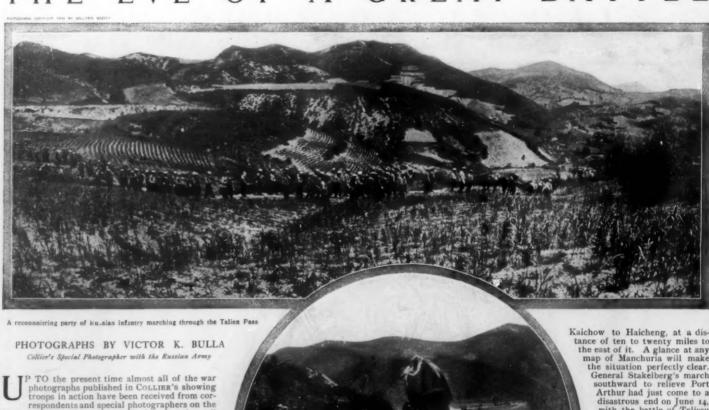
Several attempts, by persons whom the authorities have not yet been able to detect, have been made to injure this newest American warship, and she is now being guarded night and day by patrolling tugs and sentries. At the moment set for the christening, the ship's sponsor, Miss Alice B. Welles, granddaughter of President Lincoin's Secretary of the Navy, failed to break the bottle on the vessel's prow; whereupon a workman employed in the construction of the ship seised the swinging bottle of native champagne and smashed it over the steel prow, crying, "You'll be christened anyway, you're the 'Connecticut.'" The white spot shown in the photograph, just under the flag at the bow, is the breaking bottle



A DISTURBER OF THE PEACE

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

#### A GREAT BATTLE THE EVE OF

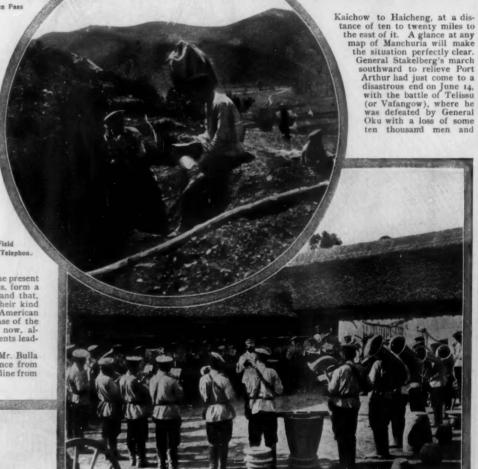


UP TO the present time almost all of the war photographs published in Collier's showing troops in action have been received from correspondents and special photographers on the Japanese side. This is due to the fact that the mail service from the Japanese headquarters through Korea and Japan is more rapid than the mail service over the Trans-Siberian Railroad and through European Russia to this country.

At last, however, we are able to present to our readers a wonderful collection of photographs taken by our special photographer, Victor K. Bulla, who has accompanied the Russian army in its campaign against the Japanese during the past few months. The photographs published in this number were taken between June 10 and June 14, and were forwarded to St. Petersburg, where they were printed and sent on to New York. They form a remarkable series, and next week we shall publish a much more interesting and better instalment. The present pictures show preparations for the battle at Talien Pass. Next week the pictures will show the actual battle, artillery and infantry in action, Red Cross hospitals, wounded soldiers, etc.

It is characteristic of the tremendous and unprecedented difficulties surrounding the getting of news of the present war that these photographs, which have just reached us, form a record of events that took place in the middle of June, and that, this notwithstanding, they are the first illustrations of their kind to be printed here. And, furthermore, they bring the American public the first authentic information concerning a phase of the campaign where features have been unrecorded until now, although it forms a most important link in the chain of events leading up to the evacuation of Liao-Yang.

The pictures printed in this number were taken by Mr. Bulla while the main Russian force was on its hurried advance from Liao-Yang to a series of positions, paralleling the railroad line from



A Russian military band playing at headquarters, Simucheng

Mongolian Mountaineers of the Von Eske Company of the Second Werchnendinsk Regiment of Cosacks. recruited in southern Siberia along the Chinese frontier, and bear the same racial characteristics as the

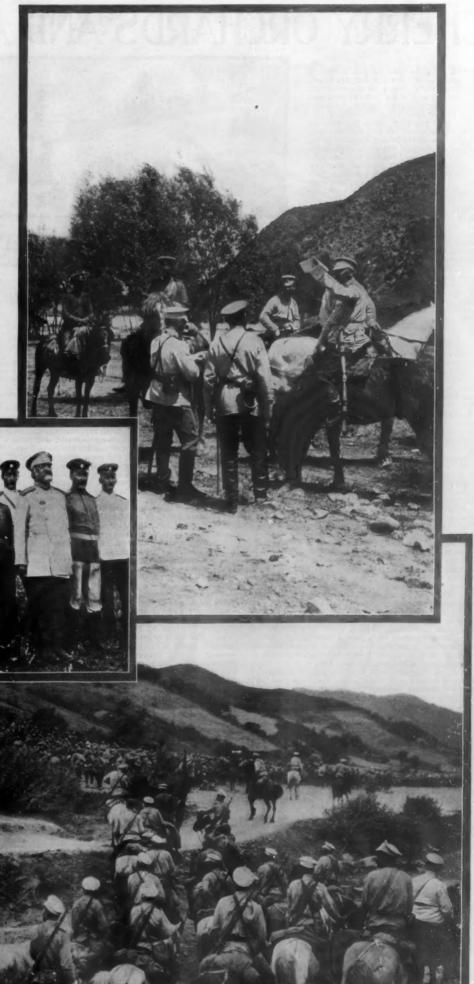
nearly one hundred guns. He was at the time trying to retreat with his battered and demoralized army toward Liao-Yang, by way of Kaichow and Haicheng. The railroad was able to carry only a few thousand men a day, and it had to be used largely for the transportation of wounded and of war material. General Oku was close at the heels of the retreating army, pounding its rearguard mercilessly. But the main danger lay with a Japanese force, supposed to be a part of General Kuroki's First Army, which was known to be moving westward from Feng-Wang-Cheng, with the purpose of striking the railroad line at some point nearly straight east of New-chwang, and thus to take Stakelberg in the rear. Few of those who were watching that game with understanding eyes dared to believe that the Russian general would be able to extricate himself. And yet nobody—not even the chief leaders' of the main Russian force—was aware of the full extent of the danger. But enough was known to move General Kuropatkin to action of the most decisive kind. The maneuvring that followed during the next two weeks has remained in obacurity until now. Yet it was one of the most interesting and brilliant operations of the entire campaign. And it proves now, when the enterprise of Mr. Bulla has given us some light upon

it, that whatever may be General Kuropatkin's faults as a commander-in-chief, he is, beyond doubt, a strategist of the highest merit, who, in a moment of great danger, knows how to snatch safety, if not victory, out of the very jaws of threatened annihilation.

No sooner had Stakelberg's predicament become known to the Russian commander-in-chief than he began to throw the whole force kept at Liao-Yang forward in such a way as to form a screen between the line of retreat of Stakelberg's threatened army and the hostile force on its left flank. At least three divisions took part in the southward movement along the railroad line, while another division, if not two, moved on the enemy along the highroad running through the Motien Pass to Feng. Wang-Cheng, the headquarters of General Kuroki. From the information obtained now, it seems probable that the Russians believed the better part of Kuroki's army was engaged in the flanking movement against Stakelberg. If such had been the case, the Russian pressure along the Feng-Wang-Cheng road would have compelled Kuroki to recall most of the force he had despatched westward, or else risk being taken in the rear.

The skirmishes that ensued developed an unsuspected and very critical state of affairs. It was found that the main part of Kuroki's army was still posted across the highroad to Liao-Yang, and that only his left wing was advancing along a branch of the road running by way of the Talien Pass to Haicheng. Yet large bodies of Japanese troops were found much further south, on the two roads leading from Siuyen (thirty miles west of Feng-Wang-Cheng) to the railroad line, one ending at Kaichow and Haicheng. It became clear to the Russians ten, but only then, that they had to deal with a whole new Japanese army, that of General Nodzu, which had debarked so quietly at Takushan, on the coast of the Bay of Korea, that nobody knew of its existence until it had reached Siuyen.

The initial skirmishes were followed by a series of artillery duels, leading up to several of these fi



WAITING FOR THE ENEMY ON THE SUMMIT OF TALIEN PASS

In the upper picture General Levestam is giving orders to his staff for the disposition of the regiments in his brigade.—The smallest picture shows General Sassulitch and members of his staff. General Sassulitch was the commanding officer at the Battle of the Yalu, where he was badly defeated by General Kuroki, and again at the Talian Pass, where he was once more driven back by the Japanese.—In the large picture at the bottom of the page, General Pleschkoff may be seen disposing his forces along the road over the pass in anticipation of the approach of the Japanese, who are already in rouch with the Russian outposts to the south. Next week's issue will contain nictures of the actual battle which took place at this pass later in the day on which the present photographs were taken

# CHERRY ORCHARDS AND A PRINCESS

THE Princess pricked herself with a needle. She did not fall into a hundred years' sleep; on the contrary, she sprang from her window-seat with an angry grace, clapped a slender finger to her mouth, and vigorously sent a long silk stocking skimming through the open casement. It fluttered to a gray courtyard; a sentry pacing it looked down, and looked up, past the grim high walls, with mouth agape, toward the heavens. An officer clanked out of a low doorway, and prodded the thing with a brass scabbard. A sparrow cocked his eye at it from a gargoyle; he was nesting, and he considered it solely from the speculative builder's point of view. Finally a footman, proceeding majestically, issued from the doorway, bent his magnificent back in a slow condescension, and bore the stocking away before him on a salver. The Princess laughed and then stopped, because she remembered that she had been pricked by a darning-needle into a royal rage. She could see her English governess at her side raising eyebrows, and she knitted her own defiantly. "I will not endure it," she said. "Why should I? I am sure my mother has never darned hose, and never will."

"When I was in Germany, and instructed their Royal Highnesses—" Miss Webster began.

"Tkose girls!" the Princess said, with an ocean of contempt engulfing her words. "Oh, I do not pretend to misunderstand you. They have a standard of dulness to which I could never attain. I have been born too near the Balkans for that. I shall never be able to darn stockings and make gingerbread, and so I shall never suit the taste of a Grand Duke, their brother. Dear Miss Webster, you really must permit me to shock you sometimes; I assure you it is in the blood." She paused, shaking her head thoughtfully. "But I remember Johann as a child dimly, and I think he was humanly naughty and kicked his nurse. Do brothers always appreciate their sisters' virtues in other people's sisters? No, the prospect does not allure me. Please God, there will be something to prevent it. . . At least, I shall be care

bination turied; Miss Webster swept a courtesy, and the Princess Thyra escaped like a bird from the strare of the fowler.

King Feodore, his hat upon his ear, had a holiday air. He was rolling an unlighted cigar round his tongue; he wore spats over his varnished boots. It was his life's ambition, since the Great Powers had prohibited brawling with his little brother monarchs, to be the typical sportsman, English style. He paused before a mirror to pull on a pair of pale lemon gloves, and to adjust a horseshoe pin into his scarf, and his daughter, with a flash of brown hair, and the whirl of a skirt not yet ankle low, fell upon him.

"I am in disgrace again with the elderly Webster," she cried in his ear. "She is going to tell mamma, and they will devise a penance between them. Papa, darling, you are going to the races, I know. Take me with you, and let me enjoy myself for a few hours before their turn comes."

"Eh, my dear! Pawning to-morrow to enjoy to-day is a very poor practice. I assure you." the King said; and he sighed, because he spoke from experience. "You must not oppose your mother, Thyra, you must not indeed. It doesn't pay." He sighed again.

The Princess clung to his elbow, and they passed from the corridor to broad, crimson carpeted stairs.

"Of course not, darling!" she said. "I know that as well as you do. Only take me with you this morning, little papa with the gray mustachios! I am so thirsty



for freedom and fresh air; there is a song stifling in my throat; my feet will hardly keep from dancing. It is spring outside. Hark!"

She lifted a finger. A lark was trilling out of the blue. Through an arrow-slit flooded in the ripe sunshine; with it came the breath of blossom and green meadows. Rushing water supplied a silver undercurrent of sound; an ice-fed river was rocking by the castle on its way to the sea. But they could see nothing beyond the courtyard but the strip of sky; the dismal gray walls towered high and shouldered out the world beyond.

"Quite impossible," the King said decidedly. "Little girls mustn't do these sort of things. Grown-up people are different."

"I am sixteen."

people are different."

"I am sixteen."

"H'm, yes; so you are. Well, my dear child, in a little while you will be grown-up yourself, and then perhaps a young friend of your mother's, who is, I understand, a charming fellow, will come along and prove a thousand times pleasanter escort to races than your poor old father. There! I know why you should endure the schoolroom with patience a little longer, you see. Now run away like a good girl and tell Miss Webster you are sorry."

He patted her cheek, and escaped smiling. The Princess had drawn back at his last words with a frown and a heightened color. He bustled down an avenue of four-and-twenty footmen that cut the hall to which they had descended, and the door swung open to admit the rattle of arms coming to the salute. A carriagedoor was shut, wheels and hoofs scraped over the stones, and the King vanished to where, beyond a great archway, sounded the distant crash of a leyal cheer.

Thyra stood forgotten for a moment and her opportunity pirouetted before her. The footmen, when they came slowly up from their obeisances, could have observed the whisk of a petiticoat that went, not back to drudgery but into an inviting alley, a passage that corkscrewed its way into the heart of the castle and thence to liberty. Ten minutes later a maiden who was crossing a mead between the river and the capital looked round at the great walls and swung out her chin with a fine defiance, and thus airily dismissing unpleasant thoughts, tripped into the town. She had a hand-kerchief knotted about her pretty hair, and her skirt was kilted with a careless grace; she was a stage peasant, with Nature's rouge upon her cheeks and Nature's gayety about her footsteps.

The Princess Thyra, palpitating a little under her cool demeanor, followed the stream of market-folk into the town, and was at once pleased and mortified to find that she attracted no more attention than the buttergirls who jogged her elbows. It was, in fact, the busiest hour of a busy day, and the good citizens were too hard at work for ogling; only a few drones lolling against a wall, a soldier before his painted box, a cake woman, long trained to observation of the passing countenance, opened their eyes rather widely at her. But

their brains were dull; by the time they had digested the matter its subject was out of sight.

She wandered down a quaint by-street and drank in its charm. She bought a gingerbread pig with currant eyes, and shared it with a toddling creature that used her skirts, with the assurance of infancy, to help itself out of the gutter; she watched the rivalry of shabby sparrows over the crumbs. What a life it contained, this little kingdom of the pavement! She came, dawdling and purposeless, but wholly enchanted by her draught of freedom, to the starting-place of the steamers below the bridge. The farmers' wives from the far villages were clumping ashore with fowls and cheeses, and a man at a pay-box was loudly proclaiming the joys of an excursion upon which the high-decked paddle-wheeler, King Feodore, was just about to start.

"To the upper river and back for a

was loudly proclaiming the joys of an excursion upon which the high-decked paddle-wheeler, King Feodore, was just about to start.

"To the upper river and back for a florin only—to the loveliest outlooks of the hills for a florin! And all the way to the cherry orchards, with their exquisite masses of bloom now in perfection—the sight of the year, and of that there could be no reasonable doubtfor half a florin extra!"

The Princess looked up the stream, which was turgid and billowy, and saw beyond the city the low blue line of the hills whence it flowed. The sunshine was clear and warm; the whistle gave an encouraging toot; there swam into her mind a vision of white petals, and with it a great longing for the deep, grassy peace of the cherry orchards. There indeed she could sing out the surging spring-notes with which her throat was trembling. Ah, and the sky was so kind and blue, and she was free for this day and this day only. . . She dived into her pocket and emptied a purse into her palm.

She gave a little cry of dismay. The sky was instantly overcast; tears of mortification stood in her eyes. She had only half a florin in her possession. The castle might reclaim her at any moment. She had tarried far too long in the city; already they must be searching for her; Webster's sharp nose was not, she was convinced, very far from the trail.

As she stood dismayed and downcast, with her distress patent to the eye of the beholder, somebody touched her. She started and looked round. A young man was at her side, hat in hand; he had lately descended from a drosky, whose driver was pouching silver with every appearance of satisfaction.

"Pardon! The Fräulein is in distress?" said the newcomer with a humble bow and an upward glance that was not so humble.

Thyra occupied a few seconds in remembering that she had left rank and title inside her prison walls. It took her less time to perceive that this god from the machine was fresh-colored and wholesome, his linen spotless, and his chin smooth, and that he was entirely un

And I have a great deal too much," the young man i. "If I were to offer to pay—"



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"And I to accept—" Thyra said doubtfully. "If it were not wrong—" "It would not be so pleasant!" he said, smiling. "Pray give me the pleasure of offering you a loan at least." He drew a gold piece from his waistcoat pocket.

He drew a gold piece from his waistcoat pocket.

"Thank you," Thyra said, and hesitated.
"Ah, but yes, I must!" The castle walls menaced her. "Thank you heartly," she said and took the coin.

When she had received her ticket and passed the pay-box, she looked back. The young man was lingering on the cobblestones, and it seemed to her that he was eying the King Feodore with a wistfulness surpassing her own. She came back and faced him across the barrier.
"Have you a trouble too?" she inquired sympathetically.
"All my life," he exclaimed with a sudden vehemence, "I have wanted to see the cherry orchards."
"But you have the money!" the amazed

vehemence, "I have wanted to see the cherry orchards."

"But you have the money!" the amazed Princess said. "Why do you not take a ticket? To be sure, we might even see them together."

He looked her in the eyes, with a flash of apprehension. Then he flushed, and when he spoke it was with a soberness beyond his years.

"That would give me great pleasure," he said. "Not only for my own sake, but because I believe, Fräulein, that you should have a guardian."

"You are not a very elderly guardian, you know," the Princess laughed.
"No, but I understand a responsibility," he said. "And if you will excuse my saying so, a runaway schoolgirl, dressed in an abaurd disguise, stands in need of a trustworthy escort."

He took his ticket, and she preceded him

surd disguise, stands in need of a trustworthy escort."

He took his ticket, and she preceded him up the gangway, and stood abashed while the steamer's lines were cast off. As it churned away her spirits revived, and by the time they were in midstream she was able to say: "It is done now, and it can not be undone, and I will not be lectured, please. It is only for one day, and I suppose I shall never play the truant again, because I shall not have the chance."

She sat down on a tub, crossed her feet, folded her hands in her lap, and looked up at him. The quay was receding; the red house roofs were blending in a medley of lights and shades; even the castle, frowning at the town, harmonized with the scene. The cheese-sellers and the workmen had disappeared into the deck-house, and the two young people were alone.

"You can not know," Thyra went on, "What a lack of freedom means. You are a young man, and you are not even a Pr.—."
She checked herself.
"A——priest," she concluded nimbly.

She checked herself.

"A——?"
"A——a priest," she concluded nimbly.
"By no means a priest," he agreed. "Still, freedom is not so plentiful with me that I can not feel it intoxicating my blood on this glorious morning."

Something rose in the Princess's throat.
"That is my sensation," she said. "I want to get away to the blossom and the singing birds. If I had stayed in the—in the town, with this longing upon me, it would have turned into wickedness, and yet it is nature; it is spontaneous; I am sure it was meant to be good."

The town, crested with pricking spires, slid. The town, crested with pricking spires, slid.

turned into wickedness, and yet it is nature; it is spontaneous; I am sure it was meant to be good."

The town, crested with pricking spires, slid slowly behind the haze of water meadows.

"There can be no wrong, surely, to indulge one's innocent desires a little when one is young," the young man said, and he mused as if he were interrogating himself. "Not wrong, no! if one remembers that he must fall at the command of duty. By the time we are old we no longer possess them; the stone walls have shut them out."

"Ah, how I hate great walls!" cried Th ra. He looked down at her with a little indrawing of breath. No Princess at a court ceremony could have surpassed in unconscious grace this unknown runaway upon the butter-tub.

"I meant conventious—social ordinances," he said. "Above all, duty; the duty that requires a man to sacrifice his private happiness for the public good, and the honor beyond his private honor that keeps him to it."

The Princess made a little grimace. The shadow of the Oueen-Mother, preacher of

beyond his private honor that keeps him to it."

The Princess made a little grimace. The shadow of the Queen-Mother, preacher of duty and apostle of State exigencies, seemed to have fallen across the conversation.

"I do not understand why the good God offers us pleasures with one hand to take them away with the other," she said in a pretty defiance.

"Perhaps the obvious pleasures are not the ones best worth enjoying," her companion said. He turned away from her; he was looking at the pollards sliding by; at a windmill on a ridge; at the ruffling crests of sedge, and a pair of urchins gayly fishing in a back water. He appeared to address himself to them.

a back water.

self to them.

"Perhaps it sonly by putting aside the near things—the dear things—by facing the miseries, by smiling (oh, that's the hardest!) when a sigh would come more readily, that one attains satisfaction," he said slowly. "By ignoring one's self, one's own petty inclinations—"

one attains satisfaction," he said slowly. "Hy ignoring one's self, one's own petty inclinations—"Oh, what a dull doctrine!" the Princess interposed; and he started as if he had forgotten her. "I do not want to ignore myself to-day at least. I want to realize how heartily alive I am, and how good the world can be when one is able to see it open-eyed. Come, you must know something of the joy of it; you do not deceive me with your melancholy airs. Try, if you please, to forget that you are a chaperon, and remember simply that it is perfect weather."

She resembled the Queen-Mother more than she knew, and for a moment he opened his eyes at her imperiousness. Then he uncovered with a whimsical air of submission and introduced a lighter subject. They were approaching the upper reaches of the river, and the clustering farms and spreading fields

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were dropping behind them, superseded by vineyards and gently rising hills.

The Princess congratulated herself upon having temporarily obscured the sober side of her companion; she was not, as she reiterated to herself, in the mood to be lectured to-day. The young man had a strength and gravity of manner that even her ignorance knew must be unusual in a mere youth. He had doffed it politely for her, and she was quite wise enough to appreciate the compliment. He talked to her now of the things in which the courageous spirit delights, and he seemed, she noticed with some perplexity, to have played his part already among them. He spoke of soldiering (was he, then, a soldier?); of student days (was he fresh from the University?); of far expeditions, horses, adventures with rod and gun, with a ready confidence in her interest and sympathy. He could not have found a better way to entertain a daughter of her house; child of a long line of sporting, fighting, pleasure-loving princes; though it was difficult to know if chance or intuition had led him to it. And so, talking freely, and with a growing mutual appreciation, they disembarked below the cherry orchards.

The King Feodore, made fast to the landing-stage, settled down to a noonday siesta. The workmen had left her at the outskirts of the city and the cheese-sellers at the farms. The master, descending from the paddle-box, exchanged gilt buttons and the nautical style for shirtsleeves, and filled the bowl of a china pipe. The engineer, wiping his blackened face into a sweat-rag, emerged from below, washed his hands in a bucket, and sat down to black bread and sausage.

"We return at three, children," he called out jocularly to the departing passengers, and both started at the familiarity.

They zigzagged their way up the riverbank. The foam of blossom spread over their heads. They trod the crisp spring grass and climbed the slope of the orchards until they could look down upon the broad bosom of the river. The sunlight checkered them, laying golden tangles upon t

I have no doubt but that country coffee and cutlets will taste as fine as a King's banquet in these airs."

"Now what a comparison that is!" the Princess said, becoming meditative in her turn. "It is the common idea, of course, like the ironical one that declares a man to be as happy as a King. The King's banquet will not taste half so fine to him as the peasant's glass of vintage must. Why? Because it is its duty—this duty on had to be forbidden to preach—and not his pleasure; he is there not because he will, but because he must. The King is a servant of servants, as the people will not understand."

The young man glanced at her with undisguised surprise.

"Where did you learn that?" he said. "You have not touched the inner meaning of it. If the King is a true servant he will get his pleasure, though it may not be the flavor of the dishes."

The Princess held up a warning finger.
"Forbidden ground," she said. "There is the little café, on the highest point of all, and still among the trees. There is, too, a smell of cooking. Is it possible that they saw us coming?"

the little café, on the highest point of all, and still among the trees. There is, too, a smell of cooking. Is it possible that they saw us coming?"

It seemed improbable, and yet there were cutlets, and the coffee was sweet and hot, and satisfied them. They enjoyed their feast at an iron table facing the view, and not least did they enjoy the moment when the young man, calling upon the landlord for the best bottle of wine his cellar might produce, poured out a bumper apiece.

"The toast?" he queried, clinking glasses and raising his aloft.

"Blossom time," said Thyra, and they drank it with all honors.

Far away below, the King Feodore whistled a warning. They had lingered and talked, and overpaid; at the blast which summoned them to the underworld they took hands like children and ran down the hill. The engineer, in the instant before he descended to his labors, welcomed them with a grin.

"If I had as little care for my bones—!" he said. "I watched you coming, young ones, and it made my heart jump, because a rabbit-hole might mean so much. But then, I am the father of a family, and I have my position to keep in the world."

Thyra's determined vivacity seemed to have reached its high-water mark, to have turned, to be now upon the ebb. The steamer's bows pointed to the city; it waddled fussily into the middle of the stream; the Princess walked to her butter-tub, and drew it to the railing and knelt on it, watching the white water racing from the paddles.

"How little he knows—or any one!" she said. "Position—oh!" she sighed heavily. "Here, instead of it, has been half a day of freedom—"

"Companionship—"
"A friend—"

"Here, instead of it, has been hair a day freedom—"
"Companionship—"
"A friend—"
"She touched the unknown on the sleeve as she said it.
"I suppose I may call you that," she said, and there was for the first time a timid note in her voice. "You see, I am going back to durance vile, and I should like to think that this good-fellowship continues."
He drew himself away from her gently and bit back an exclamation.
"It is not possible," he said in a low voice. "I do not think I have any friends, and I can see that it must be inju "icious to have them."
"It is I who should have said that, I think."



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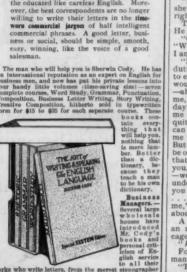
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GOOD ENGLISH the Princess said; and she, too, drew herself away and mustered a distant, dignified air, and turned and watched the paddle-wheels in

the Princess said; and she, too, drew herself away and mustered a distant, dignified air, and turned and watched the paddle-wheels in silence.

He did not attempt to explain. He stood with his arms crossed on the rail, and his hat pulled down over his eyes. The sunshine was losing all but the higher ground of the valley; the King Feodore was in shadow, and in shadow remained. It was a long time before Thyra spoke again, and when she did it was quite humbly and with a hesitation that was new to her.

"I wish I were as brave and strong as you," she said. "I wish I thought of honor and the right thing as you do."

The young man wheeled upon her, staring. He gave a little, short, uncertain laugh. "Oh, in Heaven's name—I" he exclaimed. "What makes you think—why do you?. I an example to you! I to—you! Oh!"

"But it is so." Thyra said. "I have many duties, and my inclination has always been to evade them. You spoke of yours as if you would do them at all costs. I might do mine—ab, yes, I would!—If I had a hand to help me, such a friendship as yours has been today, some one of my own sympathies near me to keep me in the path. I would be led quite meekly, I believe; but I can not—oh, I can not be driven. If they would but give me work that one could be proud of doing! But to play a part—to ape stupid people—to be only dreadfully, amiably dul!!... There, that is my trouble. It would seem a trifle to you, I dare say," she exclaimed. "But then—well! why should! I not say it? You can not understand; you were not born in a Court; you do not know the misfortunes of princes... And now, of course, you have guessed me," she added, and drew her dignity again about her and stood eying him.

A great bewilderment dawned in his face; an incredulity that gave place slowly to eagerness.

"What!" he said, stammering.

For the first time the Princess thought his manners were at fault.

"That is not the way to speak to me when you know me," she said. "Lam the Princess Thyra, and I have run away from the Castle to taste liberty for just on

gave a little studied inclination of the head, as if she again remembered the lessons of the Queen.

Her companion looked closely at her, his cheeks burning, his eyes twinkling, his breath coming short.

"It is the Princess Thyra beyond doubt!" he said. "From what especial evil fate did you fly, Princess?"

The Princess flushed scarlet. "You must not question me," she said regally.

"Oh, yes, I may," the young man said, and he laughed. "Oh, dear me, yes, I may, but I must make a confession first. I, too, fled to the river to get a day's respite before I presented myself to some very august persons. I did not want to face the errand upon which I had been sent—there is your apostle of duty, Princess! I was a coward; I ran away from a feminine model of all the virtues; I thought she would be a dreadful bore and worse. I found her, quite by marvelous accident, and she was not in the least a bore. She was an inspiration—and she was graciously inclined to be pleased with me." It was the Princess's turn to start and stare. "What do you mean?" she said. She struck her hands together. "Who are you, then?" He bowed very low.

"My portrait made no impression, that is certain," he said. "Madam, I am your very humble cousin and servant, Johann of Ottolini."

"Ah!" sighed the Princess, and there was

humble cousin and servant, Johann of Ottolini."

"Ah!" sighed the Princess, and there was
a whole world of meaning in the interjection.
Then she appeared to recollect herself; she
shrank back in dismay.

"Oh, dear Heaven, what a number of mad
things I have said to you!"

"Mad? Very far from mad, Thyra," the
Grand Duke said. "If it be mad to go searching for a little human sympathy to strengthen
one in a hard world, then I am quite as mad
as you are. The extraordinary thing is that
we appear to have found it. It is not common in Courts; it ought to make an immense
difference—to many things. Is that not 50,
Princess?" he said, and took her hand.
Thyra said nothing. She could not speak;
there was a transformed future rising behind
the imminent wrath of Webster. And the
steamer churned its way solemnly to the
landing-stage.

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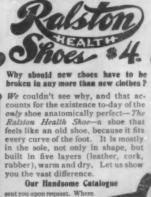
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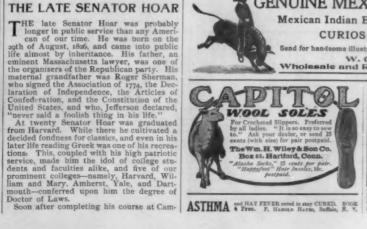




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bridge he took up the practice of law at Worcester, Massachusetts. In 1852 he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and in 1857 to the State Senate. In 1860 he was made City Attorney for Worcester. During this time he was also president of the trustees of the city library. In 1860 he was elected to Congress, where he served for eight years, when, in 1877, he was sent to the Senate of the United States. In his chamber he served his State and country until his death, surviving all those who were his colleagues in the early years. His term of service began six years later than the period of Blame's "Twenty Years in Congress," but it comprises another twenty years immediately following Blaime's—years lacking, perhaps, in the dramatic incidents of the Civil War era, but still fraught with

of the Civil War era, but still fraught with momentous issues. Beginning his public career as a Free Soiler, he joined the Republican party when it was organized, and for more than fifty years the sage of our Senatorial Solons was the able and eloquent defender of his party's initial principles. To him the Republican party was always the party of moral ideals, though time had softened his rasping partisanship, and though he had repeatedly vigorously opposed his party's foremost issues. But in spite of his party loyalty, he was the most eloquent and convincing of all the opponents of the new imperialism. He showed



George Frisble Hoar

inspiring political courage and independence when he broke with the most popular Administration the Republican party ever had, and bluntly informed President McKinley that "you can not maintain a despotism in Asia and a Republic in America." He was a statesman of the old school. He represented Massachusetts in the United States Senate, not a railroad, a corporation, or even his party.

not a railroad, a corporates,
party.

He was a man of broad and liberal mind, a
scholar and a true patriot. He was a member of many prominent historical and scientific societies, and for years he was the honored president of the American Unitarian
Association. He has been called "the Grand
Old American," and the epitaph of Charles
Francis Adams well becomes him, "He left
the example of high powers nobly used and
the remembrance of a spotless name."

#### MAKING MONEY

By WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

"WHY don't you make money?" my friends say to me, And I tell them I do not know how; Then they give me the laugh and the gen-tle "Come off," And the slangy, "What's eatin' you now?"

They say I could do it as easy as not, If I worked like the fellows who do; That I've got as much sense as many they

know Who have gathered a million or two.

They say it is easy enough to get rich, If a fellow will only work hard, No matter whatever the field of his toil, In railways, finances, or lard.

They say I have brains and a good gift of

gab,
And success in the making of friends;
That I ought to make money and fame,
for a man
Is known by the money he spends.

They tell me these things with a confident

air,
And I'm sure they believe what they say,
For they jeer when I tell them I can not,
because
The Lord didn't build me that way.

But it's true just the same, and these friends wouldn't laugh

If I said that I couldn't write verse, 
Or do other stunts in the province of Art 
Where wealth isn't measured by purse.

The poet, the painter, the sculptor is born— He can't make himself otherwise, No matter how hard he may work, nor how

long
He may struggle to win the fair prize.

And so with the genius who piles up his

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Until he has millions to spare;
Unless he is born with the spoon in his mouth,
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#### FOOTBALL

FOOTBALL

The showing made by the principal college elevens in the first "practice" games of the year, as Harvard and Yale and their football peers somewhat Olympically choose to call everything short of their final contests, changed in a slight degree the paper estimates made earlier in the season. The Harvard eleven by defeating Williams 24—0, seven more points than it scored last autumn, brought its potential strength to a considerably higher level than had been set by critics who had nothing to judge from but Harvard's lack of a line and apparent lack of material. The best thing about the game from the Cambridge point of view was the way the men went into it. They had plenty of ginger and all kinds of fight and played well together. The first touchdown was made by steady plugging for more than half the length of the field, and Harvard's new tandem play, by which the ball was carried over the line each time, seemed effective. Williams made first down three times in the game, and she held Harvard for downs once within the very shadow of her goal posts—a thing which even such a duffer eleven as Harvard's at that time in the season should scarcely have permitted. That has too often been Harvard's at that time in the season should scarcely have permitted. That has too often been Harvard's at that time in the season should scarcely have permitted. That has too often been Harvard's at that time in the season should scarcely have permitted. That has too often work the ball down to the goal posts by magnificent line-bucking, then to sickeningly lose it on downs. The Harvard freshmen, who win from Yale about as consistently as the Harvard varsity loses to its traditional rival, began work on the Monday after the Williams game. Walter Sugden, a former varsity centre, is coaching them. Of the 120 men on the squad, seven are over 200 pounds, seven more between 160 and 200, and twenty-nine between 160 and 180.

#### Yale Still Leads

Although Harvard's snap and spirit is encouraging, nothing that she showed in her first practice game made it seem any less likely that Yale ought to develop the strongest eleven in the East this year. No team that numbers such veterans as Hogan, Bloomer, Shevlin, Rockwell, Roraback, Kinney, Owsley, and Tripp in its make-up can be anything but formidable. In her 42—0 game with Trinity, Yale twice ran down touchdowns in less than five minutes of play, and in the first half Yale crossed Trinity's line five times. Hoyt at left half-back kicked well, too, an ability which ought to be especially valuable this season, but he is not yet up to varsity form in other respects. In the first few games no punters appeared who could step into the empty shoes of De Witt and Mitchell. Reynolds of Pennylvania and Torney of West Point appear to be as good all-round punters as there are in the game this year, and neither Harvard nor Yale has developed men as yet who are of varsity standard both as kickers and as all-round backs.

#### Princeton's Team Work

Princeton's Team Work

Princeton was the first of the Eastern Big Four to meet a really formidable eleven when she beat Georgetown 10—0. The Georgetown eleven is heavy, and it was about an even break when the game started. It was not until the opening of the second half that Princeton was able to score. Short was finally sent over the line by a fine lot of drag-and-push team work—the most encouraging feature, in fact, of the whole game. It is plenty of good material at Princeton. In one respect Princeton's eleven is like Yale's—it has a good string of quarter-backs. Burke, Ritter, and Heim all are strong, clever men. And, all in all, Captain Foulke's men showed a decided improvement both in offensive and defensive play over their first game with Dickinson, and Princeton's score of 10—0 was five points better than her score against Georgetown last year—a score made by men who developed into one of the strongest teams the Tigers ever put on the gridiron.

Pennsylvania won from the University of Virginia on the same day that Harvard played Williams by the same score and in very much the same sort of game. Pennsylvania played with great spirit, and her first touchdown was made after fifty yards of steady line-bucking. Pennsylvania's possibilities this fall are greater than they have been in years. Columbia on the same day defeated Wesleyan 16—0, Cornell beat Rochester 29—6, the score being made on a fumble, West Point beat Tufts 12—0, and the Indians piled up 41 points against Gettysburg's zero.

On the same day, in the Middle-West, Michigan defeated the Case School 33—0, Chicago University beat Indiana 66—0, Northwestern won from Naperville College by a score of 44—0, Wisconsin beat Fort Sheridan 45—0, and Minnesota smothered Carleton Institute under 65 points. There is a considerable impression among the undergraduates of the big Middle-Western team.

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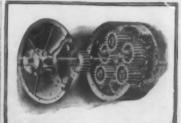
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#### NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

New method of removing Algae from water reservoirs by the use of copper sulphate.

A NYTHING which makes for improvement in the water supply of cities and large towns is a matter of personal interest to most of us. In many places the water of the reservoirs is rendered unpleasant by a peculiar smell and taste described as fishy or musty, and attributed by the public to various causes, generally dead fish. As a matter of fact the odor in question is due to minute plants belonging to the group of the Algae, and the water is harmless enough, but not exactly inviting.

Various methods have been tried to stop this nuisance, but with indifferent success. The Bureau of Plant Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture has taken up the matter, and the scientists employed there have discovered a cure which promises to be very valuable. The method of treatment depends upon the fact that these simple plants are extremely sensitive to copper, so that quantities which are quite without effect upon the higher animals are fatal to the Algae. Thus many of the most troublesome forms are destroyed by a concentration of copper sulphate equal to one part in a million parts of water. Actual experiments have shown that the Algae in reservoirs are killed by amounts of copper so small that a man must drink fifty quarts of water per day in order to get an amount of copper in the least harmful. Moreover, in a few days the copper entirely disappears from the water, so that there is no longer any question of its possible harmful effects. In the reservoirs which were experimented on last year one treatment with copper sulphate was sufficient for the whole season. The method is a cheap one, costing about fifty or sixty cents per million gallons of water, no definite cost can be assigned since the quantity of copper needed depends upon the species which are giving trouble. The treatment should be applied by competent persons, it can not safely be intrusted to unskilled workmen. The experiments are being followed up by the Departm

Investigation seems to show that certain po-culiarities of brain structure are inherite

Investigation seems to show that certain neculiarities of brain structure are inherited.

The inheritance of bodily characteristics, both by man and the lower animals, is too well known to need comment. In the same way we are accustomed to think of mental attributes as being more or less hereditary. From a priori considerations we have every reason to expect that the organ which is the physical basis of the mental faculties, the brain, should show in its structure the influence of heredity. It has rarely happened, however, that any comparative study of the brain structures of near relatives has been possible. A peculiarly fine opportunity for such observation was afforded when the brains of three brothers were given to a competent observer for examination. The brains were those of Willis, Burton, and Fred Van Wormer, all of whom were executed in New York State. All three brains showed marked similarity in general form, differing chiefly in the matter of size. Some unusual features were present in all three; one characteristic in particular, which is of great rarity, occurred in all three. These facts lend much support to the idea that peculiarities of brain structure are inherited as well as peculiarities of face and figure. In the case of these three brothers no attempt was made to associate the configuration of the brain with the nature of the crimes of the men.

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but also that of the rattlesnake, the colubrine snake, two of the true vipers, and one of the poisonous water snakes of India. Thus every venom tried was rendered harmless by being mixed with the permanganate, and the assumption seems justified that this substance destroys the poisonous property of all snake venoms. Experiments on rabbits showed that this animal, which is remarkably sensitive to snake bites, could not be kept alive by means of the permanganate treatment, although the period of life was prolonged. Experiments on cats, which more nearly resemble human beings in the solid nature of their tissu's and in their susceptibility to snake poisoning, gave the gratifying result of keeping five out of six cats alive even when given many times the lethal dose of cobra venom, whereas the cats not receiving the potassium permanganate died in every case. The same results were obtained with the venom of Daboia, one of the vipers. The one failure in each set of experiments seemed to be due to faulty application of the treatment rather than to the inefficiency of the permanganate. The matter is to be investigated further, and there is good ground to hope that many lives may be saved by the use of this simple treatment.

¶ Electricity is now used in prospecting,—gold may be discovered by telephone

Electricity is now used in prospecting, gold may be discovered by telephone.

A NEW way of prospecting has been tried experimentally, and is reaching the point where it is practically useful. The method is based on the differences in the electrical conductivity of the earth due to the presence of ore deposits. Most ores are much better conductors of electricity than the soil and rocks, although some others are almost insulators.

In making use of these facts to locate beds of ore two electrodes are grounded about one hundred yards apart. In the circuit its an induction coil with a glass condenser and two spark gaps. The current as it passes through the ground is tested by two telephone receivers connected to portable electrodes which are usually grounded about seventy feet apart. The make and break of the current in passing through the ground is heard in the telephones as cicks. As the electrodes attached to the telephones are moved about, the variations in the intensity of the tapping in the telephones give an indication of the presence and position of the ore deposits. Although the method is not out of the experimental stage, yet it seems to promise much for itself in the future.

¶ Encke's comet will probably be visible to the naked eye next December or January

the naked eye near December or January

THE comet originally discovered by

Mechain, in 1786, and known to astronomers as Encke's comet, will make this
year its thirty-sixth return since its discovery. At periods of approximately three
years this comet approaches the earth closely
enough to be seen by astronomers. Of the
thirty-five times which Encke's comet has
returned since its discovery, twenty-eight
have been observed and recorded, the seven
unobserved passages occurring before 1810
Once every thirty-three years the perihelion
occurs during December or early January,
and the comet is then in the most tavorable
position for observation. During November
and December of this year one of the favorable passages occurs, and the comet, while in
the region of Aquila, will very likely be visible to the naked eye.

Pottery made that is acid proof, and can be plunged white hot into water without breaking

The artificial corundum from the Gold-schmidt aluminothermal process has recently been used as an ingredient in making pottery. The corundum is powdered and mixed with the clay or kaolin; the mixture is then worked up into stoneware or porceiain. The value of this new ware lies in the fact that it does not contract on cooling, so that articles made from it do not crack on being suidenly cooled. It is stated that sherds made from corundum ware may be heated white-hot in the flame of the oxyhydrogen blowpipe and then plunged into water without being broken. The ware is also acid proof, and will doubtless find considerable use in making chemical apparatus.

#### Where the Money Goes

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At the outbreak of this war she was one of the first in the field, being enrolled as a Cossack in the Third Squadron of the Second National Regiment. She served with the great cavalry leader Rennenkampf, and went with him into Korea. As she speaks several dialects of the Chinese language, as well as Korean, Japanese, French, and German, she makes a most valuable member of the staff.

In personal appearance "Michael" Smolka would pass the most critical observer as a handsome boy of about twenty-five, and no one not knowing the secret of her sex would ever suspect that she was a woman. Her own orderly served her for three weeks before he became aware that she was not a man. In every detail she dresses in the regulation uniform of the Siberian Cossacks in the field, which, in summer, is really the regular undress uniform of the army. She carries a regulation sword, a pair of field glasses, a heavy calibre revolver, and the inevitable Cossack whip.

She tells me that her one idea and ambittion is to have a chance to do something to gain the Order of St. Stantislaus or the Cross of St. George, Russia's highest decorations, and after that she says that she does not care what happens.





By JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD

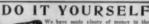
Collier's War Correspondent with the Russian Army in Manchuria

MUNDEN, August I

WOMEN are playing important parts in the Russian army during this war, and none more so than "Michael" Smolka, Cossack, interpreter, and scout with General Graf Keller's army now campaigning in the mountains about Liao-Yang. Her rightful name is Miss Elena Smolka, but evidently some recruiting officer thought that that name would not look exactly right on the rolls, so she has been enlisted as "Michael" Smolka on the war-service list. There is nothing theatrical or hysterical about her service, she is not playing at soldiering for notoriety; she is just a plain, hard-working, strong-minded young woman following the teachings of an old white-haired father who gave the best years of his life at the time of the Crimea, and who fought under Nicholas I. This old soldier had no son to send and so he sent his daughter. She happened to have the ability as well as the inclination, and so with her command of various languages she was able to obtain special permission from the Czar to be enlisted. She had been reared a soldier's daughter, and had been taught to ride like a Cossack and to shoot with unerring aim, and, as she had been living near Vladivostok, she had plenty of outdoor exercise to fit her for the work. This is not her first service, as she was in the most troubled part of Manchuria during the first of the Boxer troubles and later volunteered as a guide and interpreter, serving throughout the entire campaign with the Russian contingent. For excellence of service at this time and for her bavery she received a presentation sword and the medals of the campaign.

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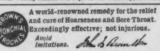
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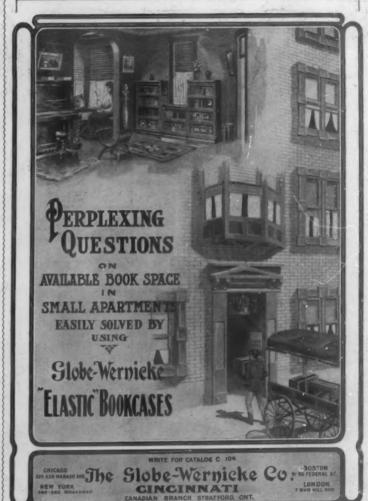
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